

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXVI.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.]

Lambeth Palace.



THE archi-episcopal Palace of Lambeth, of which the above is a view, is a large irregular pile of building, divided into a great variety of parts, and of which it is difficult to convey a distinct idea. The most interesting to a stranger are, the magnificent brick entrance, built by Archbishop Morton, the chapel, the vestry, the great or Lollards' Tower, the gallery, the cloisters, and library above them, the hall, and the guard-chamber; though there are, besides, many fine rooms, and other erections of later date well deserving notice. The whole of these buildings, with the park and gardens, occupy a plot of ground of nearly thirteen acres, which at a distance more resembles a town than a single residence. The chapel adjoins the cloisters; of which it forms the northern side, and is bounded to the west by the Lollards' Tower, to the south by the gardens, and to the east by the gallery and other parts of the palace. A place for the celebration of divine worship is concluded to have existed as a necessary appendage to the archi-episcopal residence from its first foundation; and the present building bears sufficient evidence of high an-

tiquity, to warrant an opinion of its being coeval, or nearly so, with that remote period. It has three windows on a side, and a larger one at the east and west ends. These windows are lancet-shaped, and bear a near resemblance to those in the choir of the Temple church. The chapel has a flat panelled ceiling, painted in compartments—the work of Archbishop Laud, whose arms are painted over the communion-table in eight different places. This edifice having been totally despoiled during the time Lambeth Palace was possessed by Colonel Scott, the present elegant wainscoting and fittings-up were most probably owing to the munificence of Juxon:—they consist of a handsome range of pews on each side, for the officers of the archbishop's household, with seats beneath for the inferior domestics; a screen, which divides the two chapels (an inner and an outer one); the altar-pièce; a gallery beneath the west window, containing a sort of reading-desk in front, but from its situation apparently built for an organ-loft; the pulpit, and some other decorations. Most of these are very beautifully carved, the screen is elaborately so, as

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well as the archbishop's seat, which adjoins the inner side of it, and which is handsomely furnished: the floor, which is raised a step for the communion-table, is raised in, and neatly carpeted, and above are the words "SURSUM CORDA." On the south side is a plain movable pulpit, and immediately opposite, a pew, with curtains, &c., for his grace's family. Notwithstanding the present handsome appearance of this chapel, it was undoubtedly more splendid in the Romish times. An organ was here in the time of Parker and Laud, as they both mention it in their wills; it is therefore remarkable that the chapel should at present be unfurnished with this decent appendage. But the greatest beauty of this religious edifice, before the civil wars, was the painted glass of its windows: the subject was the History of Man, from the creation to the day of judgment. Archbishop Laud, at his coming to Lambeth, found these windows "shameful to look on, all diversely patched, like a poor beggar's coat" (as his words are) and repaired them. This laudable action of the prelate, formed in that narrow age of partialised bigotry the subject of a criminal charge, it being alleged against him on his trial, "that he did repair the story of those windows by their like in the mass-book;" but this he utterly denied, and affirmed that he and his secretary made out the story as well as they could by the remains that were unbroken. These beautiful windows were all defaced by our outrageous reformers in the last century, who, under pretence of abhorring idols, made no scruple of committing sacrilege. (Ducarel's Lambeth). It does not appear that any interments have taken place here, except Archbishop Parker. He died in 1575, aged seventy-two, and desired by his will to lie here; at his death his bowels were put in an urn, and deposited in the Duke's (Norfolk) chapel in Lambeth-church. The vestry adjoins the east end of the chapel, and contains amongst other pictures, those of Dr. Whichcote, Mr. L. E. Dupin, and Williams, Bishop of Winchester, with the date, 1694—a small painting on board of Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Tillotson, 1694, Gardiner, Bishop of Lincoln, &c. &c. At the top of the Lollards' tower, is a small room, about twelve feet long, and nine broad, which constant tradition has identified as the prison of the ancient religious sect called Lollards, and which, indeed, bears horrid evidences of such a destination. The first thing which arrests the attention on entering, is, the large iron rings fastened to the wainscot, which lines the walls. There

are eight of these rings still firmly fixed, about breast high. It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards, one to the west, the other to the north. A small chimney is on the north part, and upon the sides are various scratches, half sentences, names, and other memorials, cut out with a knife, (by the prisoners who are supposed to have been confined here,) which may, with some difficulty be traced. The exterior of the Lollards' tower has a fine venerable appearance, and is the only part of the palace remaining that is built entirely of stone. It consists of a large tower fronting the Thames, and a smaller square projection on the south side; the whole building is five stories high. The large tower has in front a number of fine windows, which give light to the several apartments it contains, now devoted to various purposes, as lodgings, &c., the smaller one, (at the top of which is the prison) is plainer and more meanly in its appearance. Between the two windows of the third story of the principal tower, is the beautiful niche, in which originally stood the statue of St. Thomas à Becket, the sculpture of the upper part of which is still fresh and sharp. The lower stories of these towers are now used as cellars. The whole is finely shaded by the venerable trees of what is called the "Bishop's Walk." The long gallery claims particular notice for the fine collection of portraits of primates and prelates, with which it is decorated; among the rest that of its reputed founder (Pole) himself. The most curious pictures in this room, besides the above, are the heads of Arundel (27 Hen. IV.), a copy from a very valuable portrait of that prelate preserved in the Penhurst collection, among the pictures of the constables of Queenborough Castle, of which the archbishop it seems was one. The fine portrait of Warham (the boast of this gallery) was painted by Holbein, and by him presented to that prelate, together with the head of Erasmus. These two pictures passed by the will of Warham and his successors till they came to Laud, after whose death they were missing till the time of Sancroft, who fortunately recovered the present portrait by the interference of Sir William Dugdale: that of Erasmus was lost. These two pictures in Parker's time was valued at 6*l*. Archbishop Parker, an original, painted in 1572, another of the same prelate, said to be by Holbein, and presented to Archbishop Potter, by Benjamin West, Esq., the late president of the royal society, Martin Luther, a small head on board; but whether original or not is unknown. A singular portrait of Catherine Parr has

found a place here: it is a three-quarter length, painted on board; the dress is scarlet and gold, uncommonly rich. Archbishop Abbott is a fine picture, bearing date 1610; but is eclipsed by the capital portrait of his successor, Laud, most admirably done by Vandyke. The windows of this apartment are enriched with beautiful stained glass, containing the arms of many of the primates: in the bow window are the arms of all the protestant archbishops, from Cranmer to Cornwallis. The library occupies the four galleries over the cloisters: the number of printed books deposited there at the present time, is estimated at upwards of 25,000 volumes—(they were valued at 2,500*l.*). There are likewise some paintings here, amongst which are some neat views of this palace, as also a fine south view of Canterbury Cathedral; an original impression of the large scarce plan of London, by Ralph Aggas, a valuable set of prints of all the Archbishops of Canterbury from 1504; and a series of the most eminent reformers and fathers of the protestant church. Near the chimney hangs a singular curiosity—the shell of a land tortoise—which the inscription on it informs us lived to the age of 120 years, and might have lived much longer, had it not been killed by the negligence of the gardener.

The hall in Lambeth Palace was no doubt an appendage to it from its first foundation, but when, or by whom, originally built, does not appear. It was repaired or refounded by Chichele. In the years 1570 and 1571, Archbishop Parker "covered the great hall of Lambeth with shingles," which hall was destroyed in 1648. The present hall stands precisely on the site of the old one. It was ordered by its founder, Juxon, to be built to resemble the ancient model as near as possible; nor could all the persuasions of men versed in architecture, and his friends, induce him to rebuild it in the modern way, and unite it to the library, though it would have cost less money. It was not finished at his death; but he left the following provision in his will: "If I happen to die before the hall at Lambeth be finished, my executor to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave." It cost £10,000. This noble room measures in length ninety-three feet, in breadth thirty-eight, and in height upwards of fifty feet. The roof on the outside is slated, and in the centre rises a lofty and elegant lantern, at the top of which are the arms of the See of Canterbury, quartered with those of Juxon, and surmounted with the archi-

episcopal mitre. The interior is profusely ornamented; the roof, (considering the age in which it was built) may be called a fine piece of workmanship. It is antiently composed of oak; the arms of Juxon are carved on many parts, on others those of the See of Canterbury, and in other parts a mitre between four negroes' heads. In the large north window the arms of the founder are again seen in stained glass; the date MDCLXIII appears over the hall door. The reason why such large halls were built in the houses of ancient nobility and gentry was, that there might be room to exercise the generous hospitality which prevailed among our ancestors, and which was, without doubt, duly exercised by most of the possessors of this mansion, though not particularly recorded. What great hospitality Cranmer maintained, we may judge of by the following authentic list of his household: viz. "steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamsters, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the episcopery, yeoman of swry, bakers, paster, yeomen of the horse, ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porter, ushers of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, gentlemen ushers, yeomen of the chamber, carver, sewer, cup-bearer, grooms of the chamber, marshal, groom-usners, almoner, cooks, chandler, butchers, master of the house, yeomen of the wardrobe, and harbingers." Pole had a patent from Philip and Mary to retain one hundred servants; which affords some idea of his hospitality and grandeur.

The presence chamber is a fine ancient room, thirty feet by nineteen. The precise time of the erection of this part of the palace is not known. This room is at present only remarkable for the stained glass in the windows. Two of these contain portraits of St. Jerome* and St. Gregory,† with the following verses:—

ST. JEROME. 200 ad. 30. vol.
"Devout his life, his volumes learned he;
The sacred writ's interpreter was he;
And none the doctors of the church amongst
Is found his equal in the Hebrew tongue."

On the second window:—
GREGORY.
"More holy or more learned since his time
Was none that wore the triple diadem;
And by his paynfull studies he is one
Amongst the choicest Latin fathers known."

In this room many causes relating to Merton and All Soul's colleges have been decided in presence of the archbishops as visitors. The great dining-room measures

* He lived in the time of Pope Damasus, A.D. 376.

† He lived about the year of our Lord 590.

thirty-eight feet three inches, by nineteen feet six inches. It contains a series of portraits of all the Archbishops of Canterbury from Laud to Cornwallis; in which is to be seen the gradual change in the clerical dress in the article of bands and wigs. Besides the rooms already mentioned, are many others in this extensive residence, the greater part of which, however, contain nothing particularly interesting. The great gate-house is perhaps the most magnificent building of the kind at present remaining, not for the elegance of its workmanship, but for its vast size and height. It consists of a spacious pointed gateway and postern, bounded by immense brick towers of a square form, embattled and coped with stone, and contains a great many apartments. The exterior roof of this large building is quite flat, and being leaded, serves for viewing the extensive prospect beneath, which on a fine day is scarcely to be equalled. At this gate the *dole*, immemorially given to the poor by the archbishops, is constantly distributed. The barge of the Stationers' company annually on Lord Mayor's day, comes to Lambeth-stairs, and the following letter will explain how it originated, (from the Gentleman's Magazine).

Dec. 2, 1800.

"MR. URBAN.—On the annual aquatic procession of Lord Mayor of London to Westminster, the barge of Company of Stationers, which is usually the first in the show, proceeds to Lambeth Palace; where from time immemorial they have received a present of sixteen bottles of the archbishop's prime wine. This custom originated at the beginning of the present century. When Archbishop Tenison enjoyed the see, a near relation of his, who happened to be master of that company, thought it a compliment to call there in full state, and in his barge: when the archbishop being informed that the number of the company within the barge was thirty-two, he thought that a pint of wine for each would not be disagreeable; and ordered at the same time that a sufficient quantity of new bread and old cheese, with plenty of strong ale, should be given to the watermen and attendants; and from that accidental circumstance it has grown into a settled custom. The company, in return, present to the archbishop a copy of the several almanacks which they have the peculiar privilege of publishing."

Much of the beauty of the extensive grounds belonging to Lambeth Palace is owing to Archbishop Moore, who besides enlarging them, made many improvements. The park and gardens, before the additions made to them, (by him) were

estimated at nearly thirteen acres; they now contain at least eighteen. These gardens have been long remarked for containing two uncommonly fine fig-trees, traditionally reported to have been planted by Cardinal Pole. They are of white Marseilles sort, and still bear delicious fruit. They cover a surface of more than fifty feet in height, and forty in breadth. The circumference of the southernmost of these trees is twenty-eight inches, the other twenty-one. The small garden next the Thames was walled in and embanked by Archbishop Cornwallis.

G. L. I.*

* This description of Lambeth Palace, with which we have been favoured by a Correspondent, is rather long; but it is so complete, that we thought it would suffer by curtailment.—Ed.

THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES ADVOCATED.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE advantages possessed by one sex over the other, are often made the subject of speculative opinion; and from their very nature they must necessarily afford matter of considerable interest to investigate and dilate upon.

In this age of refinement, it should candidly be acknowledged, that to the fair the most liberal concessions are made in the shape of courtesy and delicate attention by the lords of the creation; and if these gentry would but yield such points as our indubitable rights, an admission so perfectly reasonable would thoroughly satisfy us.

Viewing the privileges and immunities of our countrywomen, in contrast with the intolerably harsh restrictions imposed on the ladies of other civilized nations, we certainly have much to pride ourselves both in the acquirement and maintenance; and possessing this enviable distinction, we may without vanity assume considerable merit in having, by the assiduous culture of our minds, and consequent correctness and delicacy of our feelings, perseveringly surmounted the thralldom and humbling estimation which might have been our unhappy lot under different circumstances, and in which thousands of our sex are yet held by imperious enalavers,—who, though devoid of feeling, and almost of the attributes of humanity, would fain boast the capability of exercising politeness and urbanity, little inferior to that we are so happy as to experience.

Tenderness and indulgent consideration may be said to be almost exclusively,

English characteristics. The men-creatures here do not condescend, like the luxurious Ottoman, to tarnish their reputation by treating us as mere commodity; whose very creed presumptuously maintains, that we are created but for voluptuous dalliance, disallowing one spark of ethereal fire to be the inmate of our bosoms:—a species whose brains, if they possess any, clouded by the fumes of the noisome weed, or drugged by the yet more pernicious soporific opium, become obfuscated and impervious to the sparkling and soul-inspiring witchery of female intellect. The very sight of such libels on humanity, must rather operate like a spell on the finer qualities of our nature, than tend to call them into exercise.

If we possess faculties in unison with their own, capable of improvement by our culture, and the fact is partially admitted, by the limited degree of accomplishment the softer sex are by them permitted to attain, what mortal is there that shall dare affirm the veracity of that boasted and invidious distinction they so proudly and absurdly cling to? No; reason, candour, justice, every manly sentiment must combine in the admission, that perfect equality (we ask no more) of rights and privileges are due on either hand.

But I am interrupted.—Brother Archy has just been at my elbow, alily muttering *no suitor*—ending it with something that sounded like a word he is sadly familiar with—I am afraid to write it, and hardly dare look behind me, lest the old gentleman should be there. He has got such a wicked habit of swearing, that I wish one of your correspondents would read him a lecture about it. “La! Archy,” said I, “I’m not suitoring” (for he knows I write to you sometimes) “he’s suitoring me; and as for your saying he don’t care for me, look at that,” said I, showing him at the same time your polite note: he smiled, and turned on his heel. He always teases me with his Latin and Greek, to prevent my getting the last word; but I am even with him at that sometimes. By the bye, dear Mr. Editor, how could you be so imprudent as to publish my letter to all the world—for putting it into the *MIRROR* amounts nearly to the same thing. I could almost find it in my heart to scold you. I was nearly ready to sink with confusion when I discovered it. Fie! fie! Sir;—you should have been more prudent;—and then to give it that odious title. Take all the blame to yourself, Sir. What, let me ask, would you have said, had I temporised with your feelings so long? But to return to my subject.—I think little need be said to prove that our sex are en-

titled to the utmost freedom of thought and action, it being clearly apparent that the trammels of restraint degrade and absorb the nobler faculties of the soul, and debar it from participating in that free interchange of sentiment and flow of imagination which, when mutually exercised, form the most delightful source of pleasure and instruction.

Now, although skilful domestic management constitutes the most important duty of woman-kind, it demands no such exclusive attention as to prohibit their rendering themselves estimable in other valuable qualities. Such minor details are usually discussed for the day ere the leisure of the drawing-room commences. It is here that elegant refinement of manners and intelligent converse is to exercise its magical influence. And if the men folk, by their robust habits, are better fitted for more intricate pursuits, and by ardent application are enabled exclusively to gain the road to wealth and distinction, it is but fair and proper that they who, by their soothing tendernesses and quick perception, anticipate what may be required at their hands, in seclusion from the busy world, should enjoy all the deference and respect which such considerate affection demands.

Life hardly affords a more delightful picture of felicity than a well-informed and mutually-attached couple presents: their ideas attuned by discretion on all important points, thus influenced, tend to amiable discussion. Alternating in the interchange of intelligent remark, conciliating, frank-confiding. This condition realizes a paradise on earth, and paves the otherwise thorny path to the enduring happiness of eternity.

JANET.

NEW CHURCHES IN LONDON.

MR. EDITOR,—I am in the habit of looking in the *Mirror* once a week, and now proceed to give you the reflections occasioned thereby, in a brief remark on the *Amateur Critic*, on “Camden New Church,” from a contemporary journal, in the pages of a late number, which are generally occupied by selections both amusing and interesting. I therefore feel induced to point out a *woeful error* in the aforesaid *architectural disquisition*, but I have not yet seen the subject of it; and, therefore, confine myself to the observation as to the *capitals of the Ionic columns* to the porticoes of Langham-place, and Regent-street chapels, which runs, “the latter appears to us to be copied from some of the worst examples, of the debased Roman or Ita-

lian Ionic," (Query, where?) Now any one of my workmen can inform the writer, they are not of the *Roman or Italian* order, but manifestly a study from some admirable specimen of *Grecian* design, and in consequence I have ascertained from good authority, that the said capitals are produced from an example in the confused heap of the ruins of the Temple of Minerva Polias, at Priene; the volutes of the most beautiful contour, and (in my opinion) very judiciously introduced in the portico of that chapel, which is doubtless an ornament to the parish of St. George.

The capitals of the columns in Langham-place, certainly appear encumbered with the festoons from the eyes of the angular volutes, but an authority exists in St. Peter's of the Vatican, at the church of the Roman college, which have graceful festoons of sculptured laurel, and I therefore presume the above is in part an imitation of them. The Grecian temples were commonly decorated in a similar, but temporary manner, with flowers, &c. on days of festivity or public solemnity.

Your constant reader,

A. STONE MASON.

TO MATILDA, SLEEPING.

AWAKE, my Matilda, awake from thy dreaming,
And view the bright glories of morn that are beaming;

The shadows of night have pass'd swiftly away,
And Aurora with blushes leads in the fair day.

Young zephyrs their pinions are gaily adorning,
By catching bright tints from the rays of the morning;

Then fleetly to bowers of roses repair,
And waft their ambrosial perfumes through the air.

The beams of the sun on the streamlet are playing,
And the light clouds across the blue heav'n are straying;

The earth and the sea and the sky are serene,
And want but thy smiles, love, to perfect the scene.

Then wake, my Matilda, awake from thy dreaming,
And view the bright glories of morn that are beaming;

The shadows of night have pass'd swiftly away,
And Aurora with blushes leads in the fair day.

MARY J. COULTART.

THE CHOICE.

"Utrum horum mavis accipe."

AWAY, with your mirrors that give to the eye

No more than this perishing clay,

That show as a floweret born but to die,

A rainbow that fadeth away.

Since nought to the bosom such bliss can impart,

As virtue with knowledge entwined,

Oh! give me the MIRROR that betters the heart.

By throwing new light on the mind.

Norwich, Jan. 18, 1835.

R. W. HARKER.

STATISTICAL CALCULATIONS.

In Great Britain, the number of people capable of rising in arms, *en masse*, from fifteen to sixty years of age, is 2,744,847.

There are about 98,030 marriages yearly, and of sixty-three marriages, three only are observed to be without offspring.

In Great Britain there die every year, about 332,708; every month, about 26,592; every week, 6,398; every day, 914; and every hour, about 40.

Among 115 deaths, there may be reckoned one woman in childbed, but only one in 400 dies in labour.

The proportion of the deaths of women to that of men, is 50 to 54.

Married women live longer than those who are not married.

In country places, there is on an average, four children born of each marriage. In cities, the proportion is seven to every two marriages.

The married women are to all the female inhabitants of a country as one to three, and the married men to all the males, as three to five.

The number of widows is to that of widowers, as three to one; but that of widows who re-marry, to that of widowers, as seven to four.

More people live to a greater age in elevated situations, than in those which are lower.

Half of all that are born, die before they attain the age of 17 years.

The number of twins is to that of single births as one to 65.

According to the observations of Boerhaave, the healthiest children are born in January, February, and March.

From calculations founded on Bills of mortality, only one out of 3,126 reaches 100 years.

From the population abstract of 1801, published by order of the House of Commons, the following results are obtained; the other statements are from Davenant, and the most indisputable authorities.

The total number of inhabited houses in England in 1801, was 1,474,740. In 1690, the number was 1,319,215, which shows an increase in 111 years of 274,492 houses. In 1750, the surveyors of the house and window duties, returned 988,482—and in 1781, 1,005,819.

In 1801, there were in England, five and 2-3rds. persons to a house—in Wales

five—in England and Wales five 3-5ths.—in Scotland five 2-5ths—and in Great Britain five 5-9ths.

The proportion of males born to that of females is as 96 to 25.

A BEGINNING.

(For the Mirror.)

I've said my pen—*est periculum*—you
Have doubtless felt how hard 'tis to begin;
'Tis hard to read a long dull quarto through;
'Tis hard at cards to lose, and hard to win;
'Tis hard to find out any thing that's new;
Hard to be out of favour, or be in;
But 'tis more hard than all these added, when
A youthful bard takes up his maiden pen.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print."

(So Byron sings, so most young author's know.)
"A book's a book, although there's nothing in't;"
And one, at least, will ample praise bestow—
A father loves his child—he ne'er will stint
His praises, but a hundred beauties shew,
Where any other, following reason's laws,
Look as he will, can find out only flaws.

The present is a prologue to the play,
A bill of fare sent in before the feast;
And if the sample's liked, perchance I may
Go sampling through some fifty at the least;
Perhaps my Pegases may break away,
From the grave "letter-writer's" bit releas'd;
Yet in his gambols, shan't forget what's due
Both to the time and place, and readers too.

His frolics shall most strictly be confin'd
Within the limits of the modern taste;
It never shall leave common sense behind,
Though all the scenes in fairy lands were plac'd,
(In fancy's flights a moral oft you'll find
That never can in history's page be trac'd.)
Or in the rural shade, or camp, or court,
Or where love dwells, or wisdom doth resort.

Your old friend, P. T. W.,* too oft
Plods in a road M'Adamsed along,
(Dry in hot days, in rainy much too soft,
Made up of little bits, nor right nor wrong:)
From other writers I will keep aloft,
Nor ever slyly steal another's song;
Edgar, and Alpheus, Jacobus, L. D.
Have each their style, but give this style to me.

But I have done; if you accept, 'tis well,
(For me at least:) if you reject, well too;
To kick against the pricks, is to compel
The passive spike-heads to run into you;
The road bows to the tempest, and the dell
The sun-beams gild not ere the mountain's brow.
Let, then, this week decide, if you have more
Than this (*Epistle First*) from

THEODORE.

* We can assure Theodore that a host of our readers are very partial to the communications of P. T. W. for their accuracy and laborious research.—Ed.

ARITHMETICAL TERMS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As a constant reader of your valuable periodical publication, I have observed with pleasure the excellent communications of "Jacobus," respecting arithmetic, which demands from all your readers particular attention; at the same time, while the learned and experienced derive amusement, the juvenile reader has an opportunity of gaining knowledge, which would in any other manner cost him double the number of pounds. As "Jacobus" has kindly given the derivations of the different branches which he touched upon, I beg to forward to you the derivations of all the arithmetical terms now in use; which, if you think them worthy of your attention and insertion, for the benefit of my fellow-readers, will oblige your's, respectfully,

J. W. ADAMS.

Deptford, Nov. 15, 1824.

Arithmetic—*αριθμος* and *μετρος*, from the Greek and Latin *Arithmetica*; the art of numbering.

Axiom—*Axioma*, Latin; a self-evident speculative truth.

Average—*Averagium*, Latin.

Alligation—*Alligo*, Latin; to bind, to tie, to fasten.

Aliquot—Latin; some or few.

Addition—*Add et Addo*, Latin; to add.

Corollaries—*Corollarium*, Latin, from *Corolla*; are subjoined to Theorems or Problems.

Cent—*Centum*, Latin; Cent, French; an hundred.

Cloff—*Clough*, Saxon; an allowance to citizens.

Commission—*Commissio*, Latin, low; setting together.

Cube—from *Kybos*, Greek; a die.

Demonstration—*Demonstratio*, Latin; to prove.

Division—*Divisio*, Latin; a division severing distribution.

Divisor—Latin; distributor.

Dividend—*Divido*, Latin; to cut off, to break, &c.

Dividual—*Dividuum*, Latin.

Denominator—Latin; he that names.

Decimals—*Decimus*, Latin; the tenth.

Definition—*Definitio*, Latin; a limiting or bounding.

Evolution—*Evolutus*, Latin; unfolded, turned out.

Equation—*Equatio*, Latin; a laying even.

Equal—*Æquis*, Latin; agreeing.

Factorage—*Fracteur*, French; factor.

Fraction—French; broken number.

Gross—French; all together.

Involution—*Involutio*, Latin; an unfolding.

Lemma—Latin; supposition. Also Greek; a proposition presumed.

Mathematics—*μαθηματικά*, Greek; originally signified discipline or learning; *pothois*.

Minorand—Minor, Latin; the number to be subtracted.

Minus—Latin; less.

Multiple—Multiplex, Latin; a number produced by multiplication.

Multiplication—*Multiplicatio*, Latin; a multiplication.

Multiplicand—*Multiplicandus*, Latin; to be multiplied.

Numerator—Latin; a numberer.

Number—*Nombre*, French.

Notation—*Notatio*, Latin; a marking.

Numeration—French.

Net—*Net*, French; clear.

Practice—*ἡσχυρῶν*, Greek.

Problem—*Problema*, Latin; a proposition.

Per—Latin; by.

Product—*Productus*, Latin; produced, set forth.

Plus—Latin; more.

Postulate—*Postulatum*, Latin; is a self-evident practical proposition.

Quantity—*Quantitas*, Latin; *Quantite*, French.

Quotient—*Quoties*, Latin; as often as, &c.

Resolved—*Resolvio*, Latin; to divide, to reduce.

Reduction—*Reductio*, Latin; *Reduction*, French; bringing back.

Ratio—Latin; terms proposed.

Remainder—*Remaneo*, Latin; to remain, to continue.

Sub-multiple—from Sub, and multiple, Latin, part.

Scholiums—*Scholia*, Latin; remarks occasionally made to explain whatever may appear intricate.

Sum—*Summa*, Latin; whole.

Subtraction—*Subtractio*, from the verb *Subtraho*, Latin; to take away.

Subducing—*Subduco*, Latin; a number from which another is taken.

Square root—from *Yagwar*, Welsh; or *Quadratus*, Latin; and *Rot*, Swedish.

Theorem—*Theorema*, Latin; a position set down as an acknowledged truth.

Tere—*Teraan*, Dutch; allowance.

Tret—perhaps from *Tritus*, Latin; waste, &c.

Unity—*Unitas*, Latin; agreeing, &c.

Co-efficientes—*Con* and *Efficiens*, Latin.

some, the enjoyment it occasions. He joins with the song of the lark, as it welcomes Aurora in the eastern sky, and delights to trace the power of him, who swells the notes of the vocal Philomela. He watches the trees as they begin to display their foliage, and loves to mark the progress of the hedge rose. The modest daisy opens her bosom to the genial rays of the sun, and the light breeze wafts around the fragrance of the primrose. The violet, which like some lovely maiden banished from her home, was an exile under the iron sceptre of winter, now is recalled! for the wintry blast is over and gone, and the sun-beams re-kindle the earth of the valley. Man, too, has his spring, and like it, is covered with youthful exuberance.

The lover of nature discovers the approach of summer, and in her train fresh beauties. It is now he sees maturity. That same bud which he beheld in infancy, is now expanded and arrived at perfection. The embryo flower which promised to reward his care, now, by its beauty, repays his fondest solicitude. The rose blossoms with perennial grace in his garden, and the jessamine overhangs his parlour window. The summer evening walk—how beautiful! He forgets for a moment the busy hum of men, and wanders amid the cool recesses of the grove; or, perhaps, seated on some verdant bank, with the cheeriest contemplation, listens to the feathered songsters chanting their farewell to the setting sun; he hears the meandering of the stream by his side, and loses himself in the contemplation of such beauties. The evening bells call him back again to earth, and he sympathises with the poet as he involuntarily exclaims,

These evening bells, these evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of love, and hope, and that dear time,
When last I heard their tuneful chime.

Those happy hours have pass'd away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
Nor ever hears those evening bells!

Man has his summer; like the fruits of the earth, he arrives at maturity; like them his beauties are unfolded, and he stands the object of universal admiration; but the prouder beauties of the summer months give way to the brown tints of autumn; the voice of the reaper is heard in the glen, and the noise of the sickle in the valley. The harvest plain proclaims the goodness of the Deity, and shows he is not unmindful of the wants of his creatures. The winged emigrants finding no longer a home they once enjoyed, retreat to warmer and more congenial climes; they soar above the Atlantic surge, and

THE SEASONS.

WHAT is more interesting to the lover of nature than the seasons? He delights amid the vernal beauties of spring, and appreciates with a feeling unknown to

wing their way over the vast profound ; instinct is their only pilot, which guides their way by the friendly beacon's light, and brings them at last to the desired haven. Thus often the soul seeks for brighter skies beyond the wave, and leaving the chilling confines of this wintry region, flies to a warmer and a better country. Man, too, has his autumn ; he arrives at the evening of his existence. Those beauties which once adorned him, begin to discover the autumnal tint ; here and there a leaf forsakes its parent branch ; his joys and delights emigrate to another country ; wing their way over the sea of time, and take possession of a more benignant region. Winter presents many beauties to the lover of nature. When late and slowly the morning opens her pale eye, in what a curious disguise is nature dressed : the icicles jagged and uneven, hang pendant from the eaves, and a whitish film encrusts the windows, where mimic landscapes rise, and fancied figures swell. The fluid paths become a solid road, and where the finny shoals were wont to rove, the sportive youths slide, or, with rapid motion, skate along the crystal pavement. But, notwithstanding, winter has something which renders it dreary and forlorn. The trees are naked and exposed, and the fragile stem on which but yesterday a floweret bloomed, now with drooping head mourns under the austerity of winter. Man, too, has his winter : the cold wind whistles around his frail tenement ; all his prospective is gloomy and forlorn ; and the streams of vitality are congealed with the ice of chilling old age. *To-day* man is like the stately poplar, rising majestically to the heavens ! *To-morrow*, fallen on the ground, shorn of all his beauty ! The youthful prospect is bedecked with the verdure of spring, and the scenery of the matured mind, often displays the beautiful placidity of summer. But the advanced in years can discover the brown tints of autumn, proclaiming themselves the harbingers of winter. The wintry sky at length is discerned, and man mingles with the clouds of the valley.

AMOR NATURAL.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

(For the Mirror.)

No more the cheerful firing smokes,
The tea-pot's unemployed,
Nor are the tubs, with water full,
By dirt and suds alloy'd.

Four washerwomen ! every one,
How sorrowful ye seem !
Because we used to wash in smoke,
But now we wash by steam.

I. J. M.

OLD GRIPUS THE RICKER.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN poor old Thomas lay and gasp'd for
breath,
With eyes bedimm'd, and face as pale as death,
Then hoarding Gripus hasten'd to his bed,
To watch his fleeting breath, to see him fairly
dead ;
For Gripus had a god that held him in control ;
A god to whom he'd sell his body and his soul ;
His god was made of gold, to which he'd pray
With fervent heart and zeal, both night and day ;
E'en Israel's children never had by half
The zeal of Gripus when they made their call,
For he his relatives and dearest friends would
leave,
And for his golden god 'twas known would even
thieve.

SONG.

TUNE—*I made love to Kate.*

THUS when poor Thomas died,
His body scarcely cold,
From out his old inexhaustible
Old Gripus claw'd his gold ;
Then as a cat would search,
When watching for a mouse,
He rummек'd every secret place,
And corner in the house,
No wretch, though newly perishing,
With hunger and in pain,
So eagerly would search for food
As Gripus did for gain ;
Old hats and coats, old bottles, jars,
And every dirty rag,
Old Gripus eagerly did seize,
And cram within his bag.
Old frying-pans and fire-grates,
With worn and rusty bars,
Old broken dishes, pots, and plates,
And pickle-cabbage jars ;
Those articles he carried off,
Or sold without delay,
For Gripus was executor,
And had the debts to pay.

But did old Gripus pay the debts ?

A question well to know :

Or did the tradesmen from his door
With rueful faces go ?

With rueful faces from his door
The tradesmen went away,

For Gripus said that he was poor,
And *poor* could only pay.

The man, he solemnly affirm'd,
" Had died in greatest need,

And that he had no money-lag,
" 'Twas true, it was indeed."

And when the tradesmen threaten'd law,
Said Gripus, do your best,

For I am an executor,
And one you can't arrest.

QUIS.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

LET us take a survey of our system, the
only one accessible to us. We know that
our system contains twenty-eight plane-

tary bodies, perpetually making their periodical revolutions round their centre, including their satellites, viz. *Mercury*, *Venus*, our earth and its moon, *Mars*, *Pallas*, *Juno*, *Vesta*, *Jupiter* and his four moons, *Saturn* and his seven, and *Herschel* with his six. Whether there are any more we cannot decidedly determine. *Mercury* the nearest to the source of heat and light is little known, as he seems almost immersed in the body of that luminary, although he is 32,000,000 of miles distant from it. He is a small planet and performs his revolution about the sun in 88 days. *Venus* which comes next in succession, is that very bright planet, which is called the evening, and sometimes the morning star. She is an inferior planet like *Mercury*, being within the orbit of our earth; her size nearly equals that of the earth, and her light and heat somewhat similar; her distance from the Sun's centre is 69,000,000 of miles, and she performs her revolution round him in 225 days. Our earth which comes next in succession is placed, it is supposed, at a very convenient distance from the Sun, which was above mentioned. The diameter of her globe is 7,970 miles, and performs her revolutions round the Sun in the well known time of 365 days, 5 hours, and 48 minutes. *Mars* is a small planet and is distinguished in the heavens by his fiery hue; his orbit is beyond the Earth's, and is therefore called a superior planet; he is placed at the distance of 123,000,000 of miles from the Sun's centre, and performs his revolution in 1 year and 322 days. Those three newly discovered small globes, viz. *Pallas*, *Juno*, and *Vesta* are but little known; they are placed between the orbits of *Mars* and *Jupiter*. *Jupiter* is a very large globe, being 1,000 times larger than the Earth; he is also remarkable for his belts: considerable changes have appeared in him, as if the ocean were overflowing the land, and again leaving it dry by its retreat. He is 424,000,000 of miles from the Sun, and moves round him in 11 years and 319 days. *Saturn* is likewise a wonderful orb, besides his seven satellites, he has a luminous ring: he is 777,000,000 miles from the Sun, and goes round him in 29 years and 138 days. *Herschel*, the remotest of the whole system, does not perform his revolution till the elapse of 86 of our years; therefore our globe revolves round the luminary 80 times while he merely goes once

JEAN.

TO FLORENCE.

DEER in my bosom's inmost cell
Thy sacred image lies enshrined,
O'er which remembrance loves to dwell,
And think of hopes for ever resign'd.

There, where no worldly thoughts intrude
Thy holy visions to destroy,
I think of thee with grief subdu'd,
And almost wake awhile to joy,

But, ah! such thoughts, such dreams are vain,
Though dearer far than words can tell,
For even their pleasure thrills with pain,
They live alone in memory's cell.

And like the lamp within a tomb,
Whose rays a dreary light impart,
They only serve to show the gloom,
The hopeless darkness of my heart.

LADNAR.

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF MAN.

The following poetical description of the uses of the different parts of the human body we have quoted from the works of the celebrated Francis Quarles, preserving the obsolete spelling—

"MAN's body's like a house, his greater bones
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones
Are smaller ephraims: his ribs are like doors
Plaster'd with flesh and blood: his mouth's the
door, well a chimney and his throat
His throat's the narrow entry, and his Aorta
Is the great chamber, full of curious art:
His midriff is a large partition-wall
Twixt the great chamber and the spacious gall:
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat
Is often but half sod for want of heat:
His spleen's a vessel nature doth allot
To take the chum that rises from the pot:
His lungs are like the bellows, that respire
In every office, quickning every fire:
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:
His bowels are the sink, whose parts to drain
All noisome stuff, and keep the kitchen clean:
His eyes are christal windows, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the timber is, or great or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall:
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrow
Of times by tempests; by the full-mouth'd blast
Of Aecurs; sometimes by fire; sometimes it
wasts

Through unadvis'd neglect: but ease the stuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough
To conquer time and age; but ease it should
Nere know an end, alas, our fenses would:
What hast thou, then, proud flesh and blood, to
boast?
Thy daies are evil, at best; but few, at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest."

Reminiscences.

No. XL

GARRICK.

A FRIEND gave Garrick a case, containing a razor and other shaving utensils, telling him at the same time, he would find "some other pretty little things in it." "I hope," said Garrick, "that one of them is a pretty little barber."

A person just returned from London, told him he had attended an execution at Tyburn, and had seen Jack Ketch dressed very shabbily. "Do you not think, Sir," said he, "that a public officer ought to wear a gown?" "By all means," replied Garrick, "but be sure to let him have hanging sleeves to it."

When Alderman Treacher, who was a brewer, was knighted, Garrick said, "His Majesty should have made him a knight of Malta."

There are two remarkably generous traits of Mr. Garrick, which are so well authenticated, that it would be an act of injustice to his memory to conceal them from the world. A gentleman of fashion, and a man universally beloved and esteemed, borrowed five hundred pounds of Mr. Garrick, for which he gave his note of hand. By some vicissitudes of fortune, the affairs of this gentleman were greatly distressed; his friends and relations who loved him, were determined to free him from uneasiness, by satisfying his creditors. A day of meeting for the purpose was appointed, on which they were to be very cheerful. Mr. Garrick heard of it, and instead of taking advantage of the information to put in his claim, he enclosed a note of hand for five hundred pounds in a letter, in which, also, he told the gentleman, that he had been informed that a jovial meeting was to take place between him and his friends, and that it was to be a bon-fire day; he therefore desired he would consign the note to the flames!!

The other anecdote is still more to his honour. He was very intimate with an eminent surgeon, who died several years since, a very amiable man, who often dined and supped with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. One day, after dinner, the gentleman declared, that without the assistance of a friend, who would lend him a thousand pounds, he should be at a loss what to do. "A thousand pounds!" said Mr. Garrick, "that's a large sum. Well now, pray what security can you give for that money?" "Upon my word," replied the surgeon, "no other than my own." "Here's a pretty fel-

low," said Roscius, turning to Mrs. Garrick, "he wants to borrow a thousand pounds upon his personal security. Well, come, I'll tell you one thing for your comfort; I think I know a man that will lend you a thousand pounds." He immediately drew upon his banker for that sum, and gave the draft to his friend. Mr. Garrick never asked for, or received a shilling of it.

AMICUS.

The Selector;

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

FESTIVALS OF TUSCANY.

ACCORDING to the natural order of things, the year ought to commence with the spring, since the four seasons of the year are symbols of the four ages of human life, and that one year is born of another as generation succeeds generation. Instinct, in accord with reason, leads us involuntarily to celebrate the beauty of spring. The month of May was to our savage ancestors, the Gauls, the season of great military assemblies. To the Tuscans it is the signal for beginning their festivals and pleasures, and the songs of May have acquired, by long and pleasant usage, a sacred character. The whole of Tuscany takes part in these festivals: children eagerly give way to the sports of their age; families unite together at banquets, seasoned by songs, where the softness of the language rivals the sweetness of the music: it is an universal concert. All the people are mixed up, without distinction, at these festivals. The shops of tailors and shoemakers resound the sounds which arise from all quarters. At evening, and during the night, wandering orchestras fill the streets, and spread every where gaiety and song. The Italians prefer stringed instruments to every other sort: wind instruments are left to theatres and concerts. Boys of twelve or fourteen years of age, with paper caps and helmets, armed with wooden swords, run through the streets in the earlier days of May, stopping in the public places and squares, where they strike up military songs, mixed sometimes with appropriate dialogue of their own. The children, daughters, wives, and mothers of prisoners, assemble before the windows of the prison which look into the streets, and join before their unhappy relatives in songs of hope and freedom. They sympathise in vulgar couplets, written to national airs, in the misery of the pri-

soners, who cannot join with them in celebrating the month of May. These scenes usually end with a repast, in which the prisoners have a share, as their relatives are permitted to supply them on such occasions with meat and wine from without.

Still it is not the month of May which takes the lead in reviving the natural world in southern Italy. It is April, *il bel Aprile*, which brings on the beautiful days of sweet enjoyment in the country of Naples, whilst May is devoted to pleasure and song in Tuscany.

The *Fête Dieu*, or *Corpus Domini*, is celebrated in the ensuing month with a solemnity, a zeal, and a happiness which cheers and redoubles the beauty of the season. The clergy, the ornaments, the altars covered with flowers, the rich canopies, imposing ceremonies, music, and bells, all enliven this festival. At Pisa, the large *dalles* (flag-stones) which form the pavement of the streets, are covered with flowers and verdure, arranged in characters, religious or political. The numerous processions, and the priests bearing sacred symbols, march on a large carpet of various brilliant colours. At day-break, the owners of the different houses decorate them with *bouquets*, curiously arranged, and suspend from the windows tapestry and white cloths, having inscribed on them verses from the psalms and canticles. The air is loaded with the perfumes of rose, thyme, mignonette, orange, and a thousand other Italian plants. The warmth of the sun seems to inspire the populace. From the tops of the church towers burst forth the sounds of bands of music, in response to the chiming of the bells, the notes of the instruments in the streets beneath, and the voices of the singers. This is, perhaps, of all the Italian festivals, the most splendid: earth, air, women of all ages, men and boys, are all more gay and animated. Humanity wears a more exalted character, and aspires to heaven. There is nothing which has more electrical effect upon the hearts of men than a great public-religious festival. Happy, indeed, are the inhabitants of those delicious climates which permit the celebration of these solemn and brilliant ceremonies. How should I rejoice to participate every year in the religious festivals of Rome. Vain wishes!—but, at least, I can solace myself with the recollections of that high festival, that glorious sky, that divine music, that all-pervading harmony.—But to return to more terrestrial objects.

On St. Lawrence's eve, the Tuscans invite their friends to make parties in gathering nuts during the night, and, on

the next day, each one asks of his neighbour if he has been successful: they who have, make presents to all their acquaintance of the branches of the tree. In these cases, he who has gathered the greatest quantity is considered by the ladies to be the best workman, and the different parties and assemblies on that day abound in all sorts of pleasantries.

The most famous festival at Pisa is the *giorno del Ponte*. It is not a religious one, and is kept in June. It is a battle between the two divisions of the town, St. Mary, and St. Anthony, which takes place on the marble bridge over the Arno, and that party is considered triumphant which throws the greatest number of its opponents into the river. The preparations for these fêtes are very great, and occupy the preceding month of May. The illuminations last for several nights, and sometimes they are extended even into the day. All the principal streets are filled with scaffolds and amphitheatres, rising nearly to the roofs of the houses. The citizens are divided into parties, with distinct chiefs and uniforms, and they are constantly occupied in exercising themselves. The various quarters of the town re-echo with the sounds of drums and music. The people of St. Mary choose a commander-in-chief; those of St. Anthony a general. The fictitious hostility is often excited into a real enmity, and members of the same family residing in the two quarters refuse to see or hold any communication with each other. They enter with great earnestness into the cause of their respective fraternities, and maintain their superior bravery, address, and honour, at all hazards. The higher classes are not without some portion of this feeling, which breaks out amongst the lower orders into the most furious invectives. The grand day at last arrives. The companies and battalions form themselves in military array. The colour of St. Mary is blue, of St. Anthony, red. The two generals, richly habited, sword in hand, harangue their armies. They are heard with attention, and their discourses end amidst the liveliest enthusiasm. Brandishing their arms, the two divisions march to battle. The aides-de-camp fly from one part of the field to another with the most exemplary celerity. The streets and quays are crowded with spectators, some of whom have come twenty or thirty leagues to be present at the spectacle. The windows, roofs, and scaffolding, covered with tapestries, and ornamented with flowers, are thronged with persons of every sex and age. The columns defile along the quays, and the avant-guards approach each other at the

opposite ends of the bridge. Then burst forth cries of enthusiastic eagerness for battle. The signal is given. The bridge is covered with combatants. The gauntlets and maces are heard sounding on the shields—and all the movements of real war are mimicked with great success. The cries of the combatants are echoed by those of thousands of spectators, giving spirit and animation to their favourite parties. In order to postpone the result as much as possible, the generals avoid encountering each other. After some time, the fight becomes more irregular, and, instead of division attacking division, it is individual fighting individual. This is the beginning of the real conflict, for now play is given to the passions, and old grudges find an opportunity of gaining satisfaction. Each tries to throw his antagonist into the river, where they are finally picked up by boats stationed for the purpose, and carried on shore half drowned and entirely disgraced. It is an amusing sight to the spectator to witness the address of the different combatants, and with what agility and skill they contrive to send each other over the parapets of the bridge. The strongest and most active men on each side are placed in front of the array, and at last the battle terminates by victory siding with one side or the other. Then arise the most astonishing shouts and vivas from the conquerors, whilst the conquered retreat, discomfited and silent. Their partisans, instead of sympathizing in their misfortune, cover them with reproaches. Some are still furious to renew the conflict, but the municipal authorities proceed to the bridge in state and proclaim the victors. The bridge is soon cleared of the soldiery, and filled with carriages and promenaders, and every thing wears an aspect of gaiety and pleasure. Then commence the feasts and sports. The clergy of the two quarters, in full canonicals, march in processions to the bridge, and a reconciliation takes place, which is the third signal of a general peace. The taunts and reproaches, however, last for months afterwards, and accusations of treason and foul play are made in great abundance. The illuminations are extremely brilliant and beautiful. The situation and style of building of Pisa is singularly adapted to this kind of display. The city defrays the expense of lighting up the public offices, churches, theatres, &c.; whilst some of the wealthier proprietors spend from 600 to 2,400 francs in illuminating their houses. The population of Pisa, on ordinary occasions, is about 15,000; but, during the eight days of this festival, it has been known to average 200,000, collected together

from all parts of Tuscany. The quay of the Arno is indeed a splendid sight, forming as it does a crescent, the two ends of which, though more than a mile apart, are visible from the central points; and, when the houses on each side are studded with different coloured lamps, nothing can exceed its magnificence.

The origin of these sports is dated by the Pisans in a very remote age. The antiquaries maintain, that the first *ultramontane* nations which invaded Italy, introduced the custom of training up the young men in these simulated combats, and that the *giuochi del ponte* of Pisa are a relic of these antique usages. They still talk in lofty terms of the splendour with which they were celebrated in the year 1786, when the royal family of Sicily, and all the princes of Lombardy and Tuscany, were present. The Pisans dwell upon such recollections with great fondness; they are as proud of them as of their departed grandeur, glory, and wealth. It is all which remains of former splendour—the only consolation left them amidst the vicissitudes they have experienced.

Hermis in Italy.

The Novelist.

No. LXVII.

MARY MCLEOD.

"Over thee the sacred shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraph whispers peace to thine!"

It was hardly possible to imagine the existence of a more amiable spirit than that which actuated the conduct of the charming Mary McCleod. The circle of friends which had assembled at the house of her uncle, at Lubec, in Danish Pomerania, was composed of rather a large family circle of the youth of both sexes; and they formed a constellation of no ordinary interest; for there was more than one youthful Tyro of the number, of acknowledged talents, and yet none whose acquired principles could render the fondest parent solicitous to prevent the object of its affections from being blighted by its contagious influence. Amid all their dancing and revelry—in the deepest warmth of sparkling disputation—Mary McCleod always held a foremost rank; and without intruding herself forward as the arbitress of any other person's opinion, she in reality gave a tone to that of the whole—for those, who could not be convinced by the strength of her reasoning,

soning, were always ready to admire the manner in which it was delivered; and were always willing to believe that her eyes said less than her other arguments.

Boasting, one evening, how little she was subject to the impressions of fear, it was resolved, by her thoughtless juvenile associates, that an attempt should be made to expose what they considered vanity in the extreme. With this view, after the consultation, they resolved to introduce into her bed a portion of a human skeleton, with its head reclining upon a pillow, imagining that, when the unfortunate subject of this memoir should undrew the curtains of her bed, an involuntary scream would expose that even her fears could be easily worked upon. They listened, when she had retired from the dance, with no ordinary silence; but for such an exclamation they listened in vain; no scream—not the least sound was heard; the light of the lamp, too, was extinguished, after a seemingly long interval, and all was apparently buried in a profound, uninterrupted silence. Concluding, therefore, that the fearless maiden had seen the skull, and removed it in silence; they retired, with some little disappointment, at the ill success of the plan, they had laid to alarm her. In truth, Mary M'Cleod had not seen the horrid spectacle; she reposed in the same bed with a human skull, totally ignorant of the presence of so appalling a sight, and slept as sound as innocence always will, in peace, by its side. The moon, rising during the night, shed its rays through the window of her room, full upon the head of the skeleton, presenting an object barely visible to the eye, and, for that reason more horribly awful than language could attempt to describe; more especially as there were no objects distinctly present to the eye, which could dispel any dreadful illusion, which such a spectacle, under such circumstances, could give rise to. Upon this scene, terrified by an unfortunate concurrence of events, as if laid out by the hand of a demon, beamed the bright eye of Mary M'Cleod, as she awoke from a dream—fell like the sparkling eye of an angel hovering over chaos. The shock was too exquisitely horrible to be endured; her fine spirits could not withstand the blow; and but a few minutes sufficed to convert the scaring spirit of her, whose wit had lately abashed even the most presumptuous, into that wild horror-stricken essence, which directed the wild motions of a beautiful, unfortunate maniac. When without the power of reason, she said to the wife of the worthy host, a physician of long practice in the

most benevolent of the sciences: "Listen to that curious, long-continued laugh! It is surely the laugh of your favourite, Mary M'Cleod!" In a few minutes, all the inmates of the house were assembled at the door of the room, which contained the beautiful form from whence this wild laughing emanated; it paused for a few moments, and then again proceeded—again it ceased, and all became silent as the grave. Again the laugh went on—no entreaties could stop it—all questions passed away unheeded. "It sounds," said one of the servants, "as if it was approaching the window." This suggestion roused the weeping energy of the worthy doctor; he hastily burst open the door, and rushed into the room; but his benevolence came too late, for the unfortunate subject of the story had precipitated herself to the ground, and was borne back by her agonized companions, more dead than alive. The doctor soon foresaw that the injury she had received would render all care useless—death had marked her for his own. The incessant care, however, which was bestowed upon her, brought her from a state of torpor to some little feeling. Her half-dead attendants had yet a hope for the best; but death came on apace—no balm could cure an injured frame, whose angelic spirit was, if possible, still more dreadfully wounded. Her days of suffering were therefore few; and on the morning, in which she fled into the field where folly never riots, the bright spark of reason returned to her yet once again—all powers of mind came back with renewed strength; and calling around her the weeping group, with whom she had parted but a few evenings before, she begged of them to forget her fate as completely as she forgave those who were the unintentional cause of her death. "Do not imagine," said the retiring angel—"do not, for one moment, believe that I am sorry that the period shall come when I shall be set free from a pilgrimage, which might, perhaps, have ended still more unfortunately, and might not have afforded so useful an example of the dangers of working upon the fears of any one; nor should I have been so tried, had not my vanity laid claim to what no one ever possessed—a total absence of all fear. In all future periods, amid the gay scenes of life, when anger shall prompt you, may you recollect to forgive others, as Mary M'Cleod forgave you; and, if ever my spirit shall be deputed again to visit the earth, I shall, perhaps, be that very attendant spirit, who, at that very moment, will bring back to your recollection the fate of Mary M'Cleod."

Miscellanies.

THE LITERARY BREAKFAST.

As laicly a sage on a fine ham was repasting,
(Though for breakfast too savoury I ween)
He exclaimed to a friend, who sat silent and
fasting,
"What a breakfast of learning is mine!"
"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he
cry'd,
And laugh'd, for he thought him mistaken;
"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly
reply'd,
"When I'm making large extracts from
Bacon."

THE SPORTSMAN'S DISTRESS.

I've lost my friend, my dog, and wife,
Sav'd only horse and purse;
Yet when I think on human life,
Thank heaven it is no worse.
My friend was sickly, poor, and old,
Was peevish, blind, and crippled;
My wife was ugly and a scold,
I rather think she tipped.
My dog was faithful, fond, and true,
In sporting gave me pleasure;
I shouldn't care for t'other two,
If I had sav'd this treasure.

THE HORSE DEALER AND HIS GROOM.

A HORSE-DEALER, famous for nags, with long
tall,
Of which he oft made pretty well by his sales,
Was once serv'd a trick by a rogue in the night,
Who broke into the stable, and then, without
light,
Cut off every tail of the nags that were there,
To the horse-dealer's terror and utter despair.
Who came in the morning, and with him his
grooms,
Lamenting most sorely his sorrowful doom.
The groom was a wag, as this story will shew,
For when his poor master was weeping with
woe,
He cried, "My good sir, prithee take this advice,
And then you'll get rid of your nags in a trice,
Sell them wholesale." "How wholesale?" the
master exclaim'd,
At this seeming impudence vastly indam'd;
"Why, yes, sir, 'tis best, since your first plan
has fail'd,
For certain it is they can ne'er be retail'd!"

AN EPIGRAM.

FRANÇOIS, in company the other day,
Cries, "Curse your smoking, 'tis an odious way.
Fie gentlemen! in France they never smoke!"
Jean Bull replied—"who dearly lov'd a joke—
"What's done in France, young Fop, we little
care,
But, hark, we'll make 'em smoke if they come
here!"

T. A. N. C.

INGRATITUDE PUNISHED; OR, A HINT TO JOKERS FOUNDED ON FACT.

AN old coal-dealer, who had made a great
deal of money by retailing coals, and living
in a very penurious way, conceiving that
he had at last sufficient to enable him to
leave off business, and live like a gentle-
man, built himself a neat villa in the
country, to which he retired. But such
is the force of habit, that (to the great
annoyance of his family, who wished him
to "sink the shop") that he was *always*
unhappy unless in the cellar, measuring
his own coals. Among others, who had
often expostulated with him on the im-
propriety of so doing, was a favourite
nephew, to whom he had given a good
education, and supported in the first style.
One morning walking in his garden with
this nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I
want a motto, or something of that kind,
to put up in front of my house; but I
don't like your *Groove House—Prospect*
Place—this Villa, and Father Lodge.
Come, you are a scholar, give me one,
and let it be in Latin." "Well," re-
plied the nephew, "what think you of—
Thus is industry rewarded?" "That
very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll
only put it into Latin." The nephew
then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip
of paper—*Otium sine dignitate*: which he
gave his uncle, who read it thus—*Idleness*
sine dignitat. "Aye, Henry," said the
old man, "that'll do famously!" The
next day he sent for a painter, who hap-
pened to know a little of the dead lan-
guages as himself, and the words were
soon printed in large characters, in a con-
spicuous part of the house. On the
Sunday following he happened to have a
large party; and after dinner, as the
company were strolling about the garden,
to view his improvements, some read the
words, but said nothing (not wishing
probably to show their ignorance); some
said "they were prodigiously fine"—"so
novel"—"so appropriate;" and to those
who did not exactly happen to observe
them, he was kind enough to point them
out, and to explain the meaning, saying,
"*Thus is industry rewarded,*" and that
"he was not ashamed of having gained a
competency in trade." However, among
the company there happened to be a
Charter-house boy, who told the old
gentleman that there must be some mistake,
for they were the last words he should
like to have put upon a house of his.
This brought about an explanation; and
the poor old coal-dealer was so struck
with the malice and ingratitude of his
nephew, that he instantly destroyed a

codicil to his will, in which he had left him 5,000*l.*—took to his bed, and died in a fortnight.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAMS.

OUR bodies are like shoes, which off we cast;
Physic their cobbler is, and Death the last.

WEAPONS in peace grow hungry, and will eat
Themselves with rust; but war allows them meat.

ON DE DONNE.

My Man's gallantry doth far exceed
All men, to whom thou art a Don indeed.

MILITARY PUN.

At a village, at a field-day, happened to be
Dismounted from his horse; and as he lay
Crouching on the ground, said to a friend
(Who ran to his assistance) "I thought I
had improved in my riding, but I find I
have fallen off."

THE BOMBAY MARINE.

It is usual among the military in India, to call empty bottles "Bombay Marines," from the officers in that service being obliged too often (owing to the slowness of promotion) to remain in it till nearly superannuated. One day at a party, a gentleman (not knowing any of the marine were present) taking hold of an empty claret bottle, said to his servant, "Here you clumsy moootoo! take away this Bombay Marine." An old officer of that service happened to be present, and hearing the remark, started up, and said, "What do you mean by that, Sir?" To which the gentleman, without the least hesitation or embarrassment, replied, "It has done its duty, Sir, and is ready to do it again." This well-timed and well-meant compliment appeased the old officer, and harmony was immediately re-established.

THE LOVER.

I FOUND, said Mark, my nymph alone;
I knelt, and poured an earnest prayer,
Condemn me not through life to groan,
Consign me not to fall despair.
I sigh'd—she wept—I kiss'd her tears,
And—bless me! how she box'd my ears.

ON SEEING A LADY'S GRACEFUL DISPLAY OF HER FAN.

"When the cause is alike the effects are the same."
Poh, poh! 'tis a logical jest;
For the Fan that can cool the fair Cly-
mene's breast,

In the love-struck Myrtillos enkindles a flame.
Oxford, Jan. 6, 1785.

* A frequent subject in the university for logical exercises.

MASTER'S YORK, TOO.

A Yorkshire man, and ostler still?
Ere this you might have been
(Had you employed your native skill)
Landlord, and kept a house.
Ah! Sir (quoth John) how will he
For dang it, *Master's York* has been.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

THE one end of a rope fasten to a beam,
And make a slip knot at the other extreme;
Then just underneath let a joint stool be set,
On which let the lover most impatiently get;
Then over his head let the end of the rope be
And under the ear well brought to the knot;
The joint stool kick'd down, let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the cure to the string.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hannah Candid: J. W. E. is the author of *F. R.-y*; and *Alphens*, in our next. *Archie* has our best thanks, and shall have attention.

Will *Owynne* mention the title of the article to which he alludes? We should feel much obliged by what he intended to offer us.

Alfred: *Higgins*; *Jane*; *W. B.*; *S. A. C.*; *C. S.*: *A Ghost Story*; *Patches*; *M. M.* are appointed intended for early insertion.

The Lines on Cooper, *Blanc's* &c. &c. &c. *the Tooth-ache*, and *William's Lines to a Young Lady*, are not sufficiently polished.

J. W. must complete the article before we can notice it.

J. S. is informed, that the number of Missions he inquires for may be obtained through any bookseller.

Timothy Twist, Esq. won't do us the honor to notice it.

Printed and Published by T. W. B. at No. 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

